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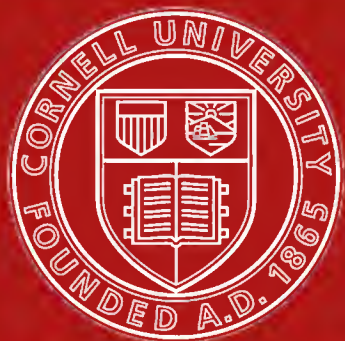
CHILD'S Natural History Stories and Pictures.



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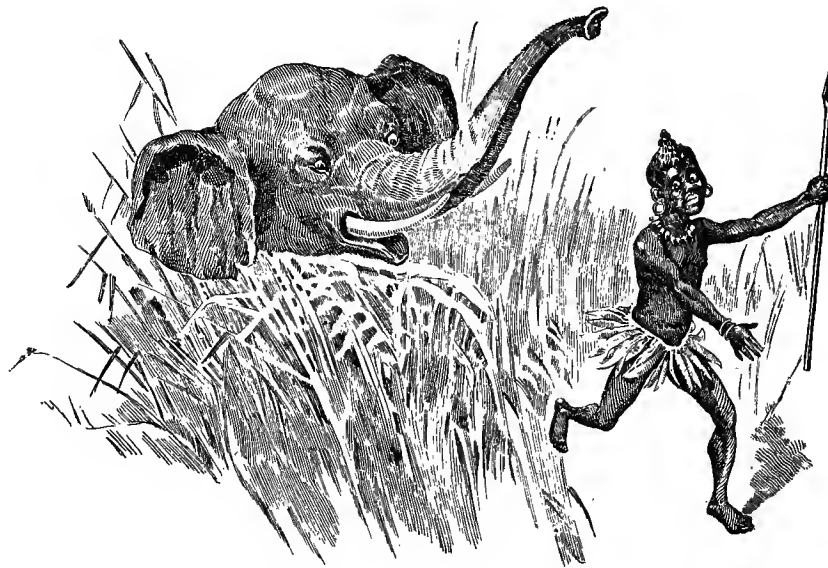
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The
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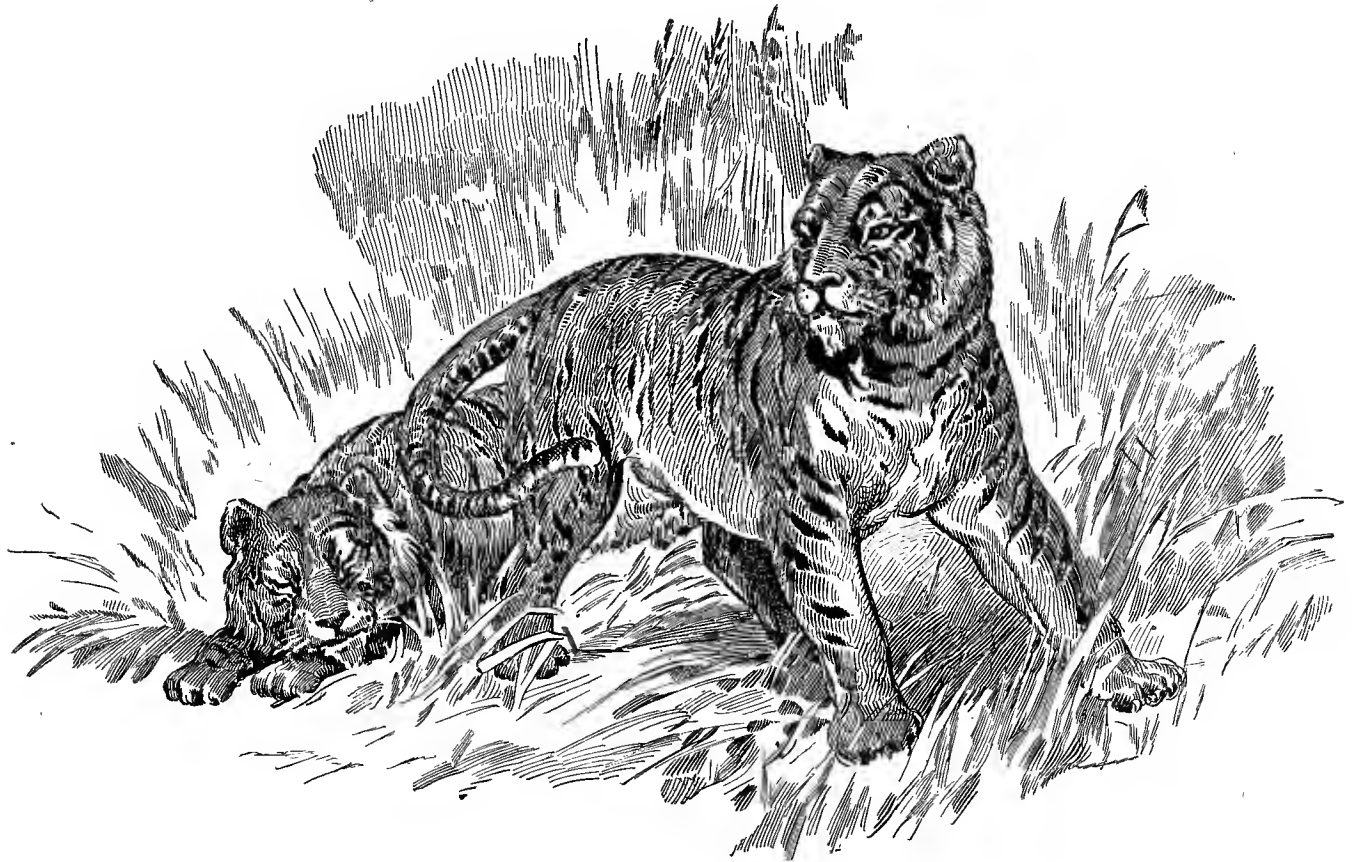


Stories and Pictures.



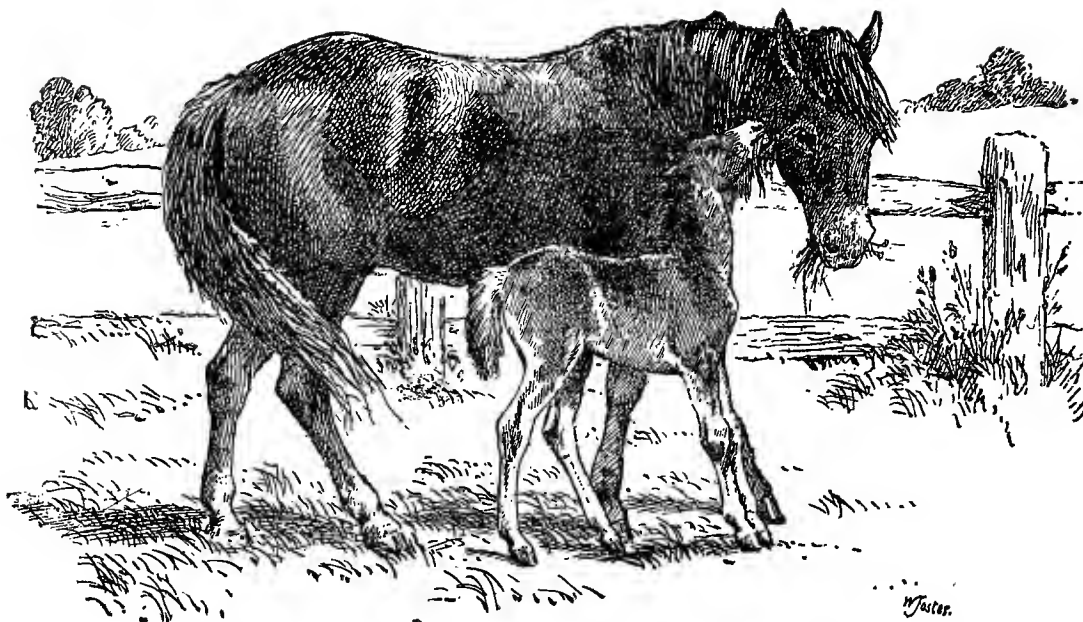
THE LION.

THE CHILD'S NATURAL HISTORY



STORIES AND PICTURES

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OLD FAITHFUL.

IT is always the unexpected that happens; at least, so somebody says, and certainly I never thought to find poor Faithful again, and in such a strange way. Faithful was dear Father's favorite mare; but fond as he was of her, I think Mary was fonder still. She would go into the stable and pet and talk to the gentle creature, and Faithful would whinny softly at the sight of her young mistress, and bend down her head for the girl to pat and stroke her.

And once, when Faithful had a foal, what a fuss did Mary make about them!

That was before our troubles. Then, when we lost all our money and Father died, everything had to be sold, and of course poor Faithful went too. We hoped she would get a good master, but there was not much time to think about her, for we all had to set to work to help Mother, and keep our heads above water. For some years it was a hard fight, but at last the clouds lifted, and Mother, and Mary, and I were able to make a home together in London.

One afternoon I came home early, in order to take my sister to a concert. I hailed a cab, and as it drew up, Mary, who had never lost her love for animals, patted the poor, tired horse's neck. "Poor thing," she said, "you do not look much fit for such a hard life."

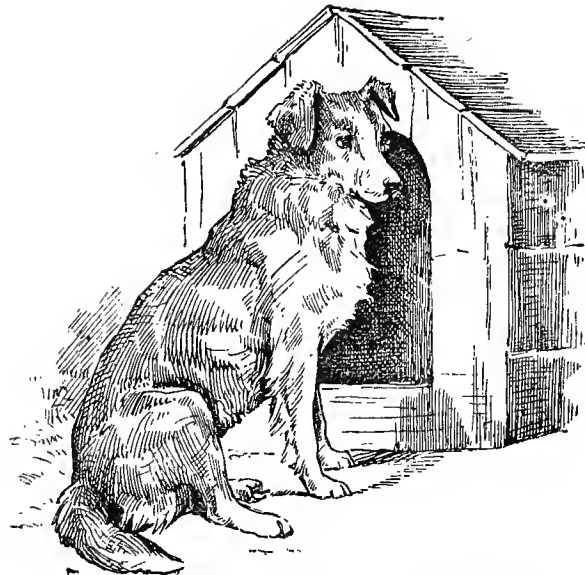
As she spoke the horse pricked up its ears, gave a whinny of delight, and turned its head as if to rub its nose against Mary's cheek.

"Tom!" she cried; "Tom, just look! It is Faithful — poor, darling old Faithful. Don't you see it is?"

And so it was. Once I had a good look, I knew the mare in a moment. We had not very much money to spare even then, but we did not let many days pass before Faithful was our property again, and released from her toilsome life as a London cab-horse. We found a home for her at Farmer Martin's, till John and I were able to buy back our old home; and now Faithful spends a happy old age in the fields where she passed her youth.



FAITHFUL AND HER FOAL.

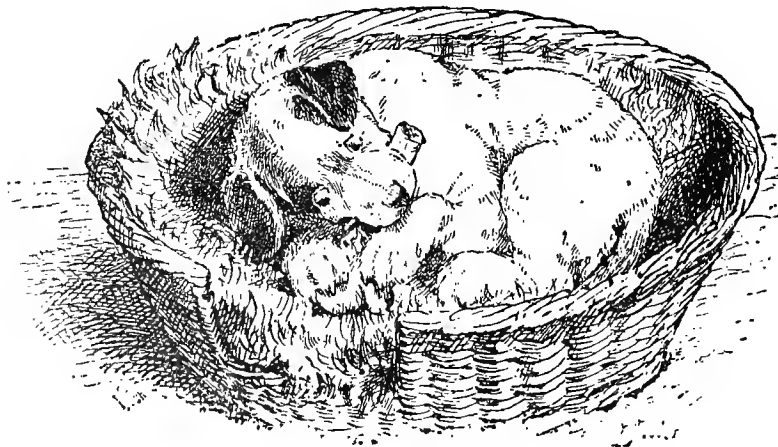


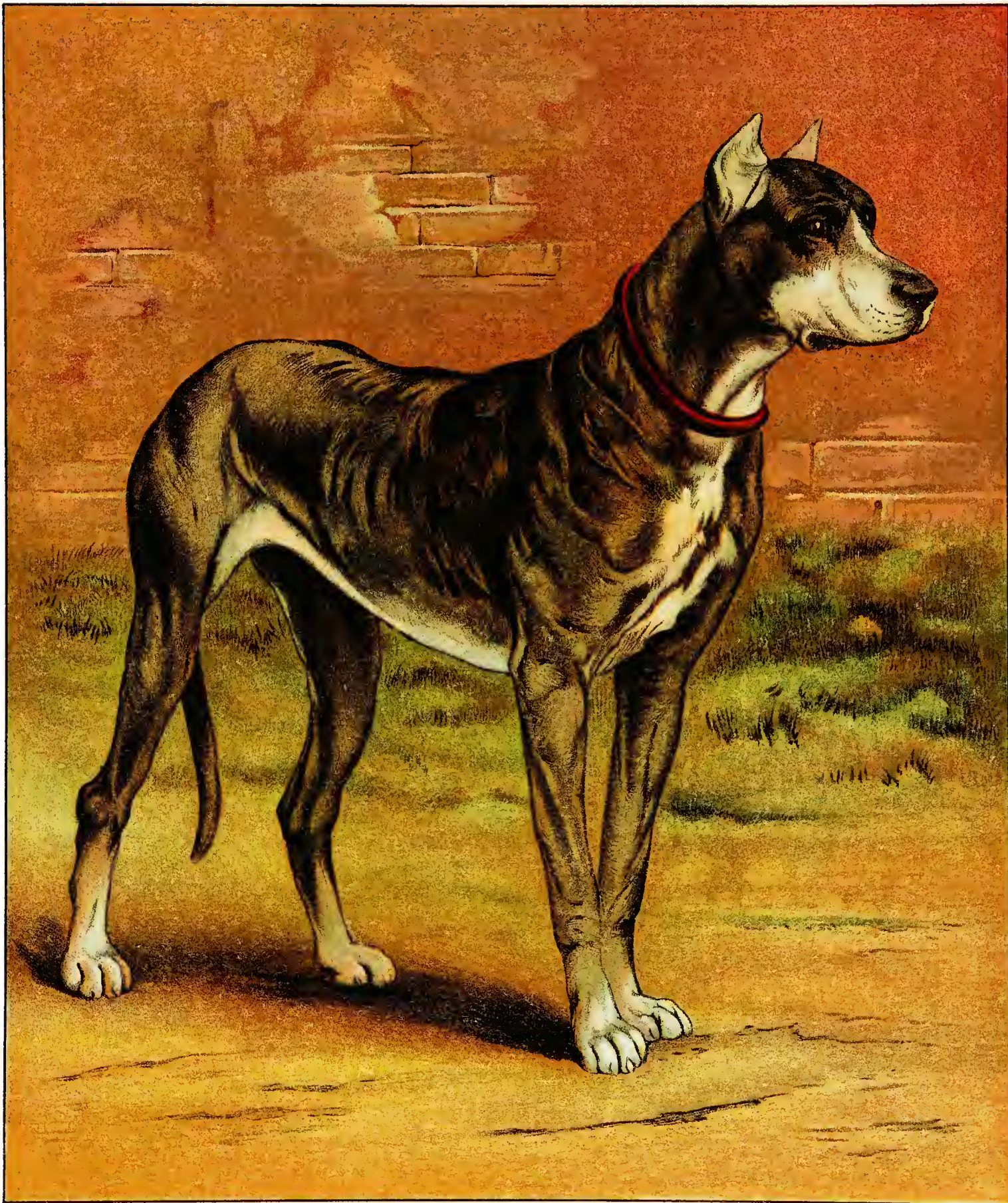
REX AND SCAMP.

I HAVE kept many fine dogs, but the handsomest one I ever had was a Russian Boarhound. He was, indeed, a noble fellow, and took many prizes at dog shows.

It was difficult to imagine that Rex could be savage, and hunt the wild boar, for he was so gentle with children and little dogs. Every morning he would find his way into the nursery, and no one could tell how it was that the blankets on the cots got so torn at the corners, till early one day the nurse heard such a laughing in the nursery that she got up and watched what was going on. She saw the children spread out a blanket on the floor, upon which one of them then sat, while the big dog caught hold of the corner, and pulled them all round the room. This was very good fun for the dog and the children, but bad for the blankets. At the same time that I had Rex, I had another dog, a small, funny animal, of no particular description. My little daughter, Ethel, had found him one morning starving on our doorstep, and had begged so hard to be allowed to keep him that I could not refuse, and so he became one of the family. He was rightly named Scamp, for although a clever and good-hearted dog, he was most decidedly mischievous, and, I am grieved to say, commenced his life with us by being a thief. The second day after he arrived, he got on the table when nobody was looking, and stole Ethel's mutton-chop, and the same afternoon ran off with a bone that Rex laid aside to be enjoyed at leisure. In fact, hardly a day passed but what he stole a bone from Rex. The big dog bore this patiently for about a week; then, no doubt, he began

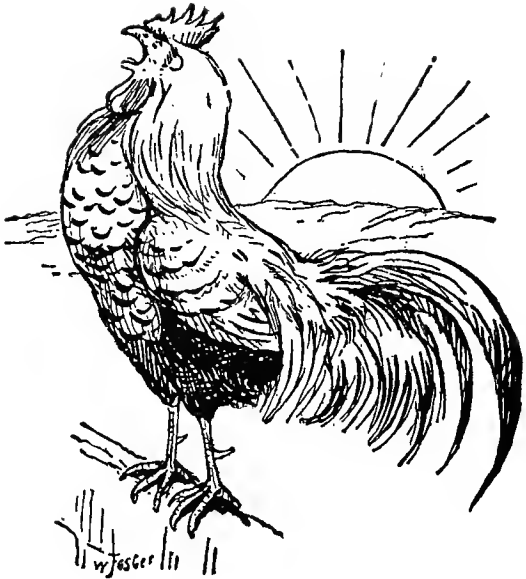
to think that he would never taste a bone again, so catching Master Scamp in the act the next day, he picked him up very carefully by the neck, walked quietly out of the house, and dropped him into the pond. This operation Rex repeated whenever he caught Scamp thieving; and as the little dog hated water, he was soon cured, and Ethel even thought of changing his name to Trust, because he had become so honest.





REX.

THE LATEST ARRIVAL.



“GO along, you naughty cross little things—get along, do!” said the old mother-hen; “you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.”

And, indeed, I think she was right. All the other chickens had come out of their eggs three or four days before, and only one egg was left; and now the chickie had come out of the last egg. He had hardly any feathers, and his legs were so weak that he could scarcely stand; and the others were all looking at him, and laughing and cheeping.

“Oh, you funny little thing! Where are your feathers?”

And the chickie cheeped back and cried: “You are all very unkind; I wish I were back in my nice warm shell!”

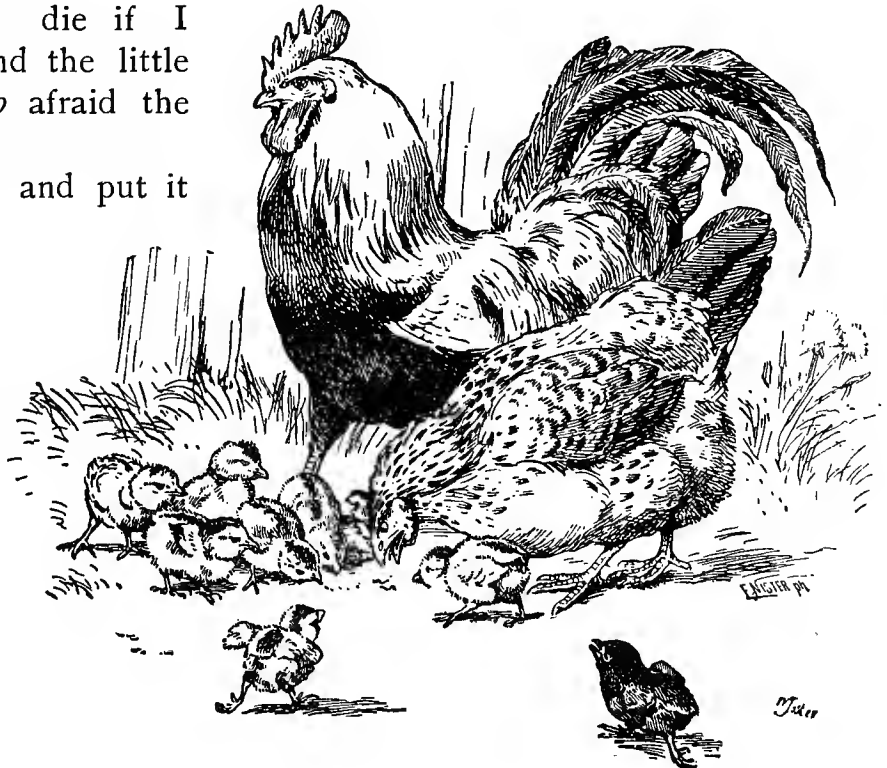
“We wish you were too,” said the others, and began to cheep and laugh worse than ever.

Just then Molly came into the barn, and she saw the poor little chick, and she drove the others away and picked it up.

“You poor little thing; you’ll die if I don’t take care of you,” she said. And the little chick thought so too; it had been so afraid the others would peck it.

Molly took it into the kitchen, and put it in a basket near the fire, with a piece of warm flannel to lie on, and fed it with sop, and cream, and cod-liver oil, and it grew quite strong, and used to run about the kitchen; and there was a guinea-hen (she had a long story, which I’ll tell you another time), and there were two kittens.

And all the four used to sit quite close cuddled up together on the hearth-rug before the kitchen fire, keeping each other warm, and Molly used to say, “What a happy family!” And so it was.



DANDY.

WHEN Cousin Nellie came to spend a day at Blackberry Farm the children took her to see the cows, the pigs, and the horses. Then they showed her the dear little chickens, the queer little ducklings, and the noisy guinea-fowl. And last of all old Dandy trotted up, asking to be introduced to the stranger, so the children told her who she was.

"Why," said Cousin Nellie. "She's old, and she looks nearly blind too; surely she isn't any use to the farmyard!" At this Baby looked as if she was going to cry, and Hilda looked very indignant, but Fred explained that there was a story about Dandy that she did not know, so it was no wonder she should speak so slightly of such an old friend.

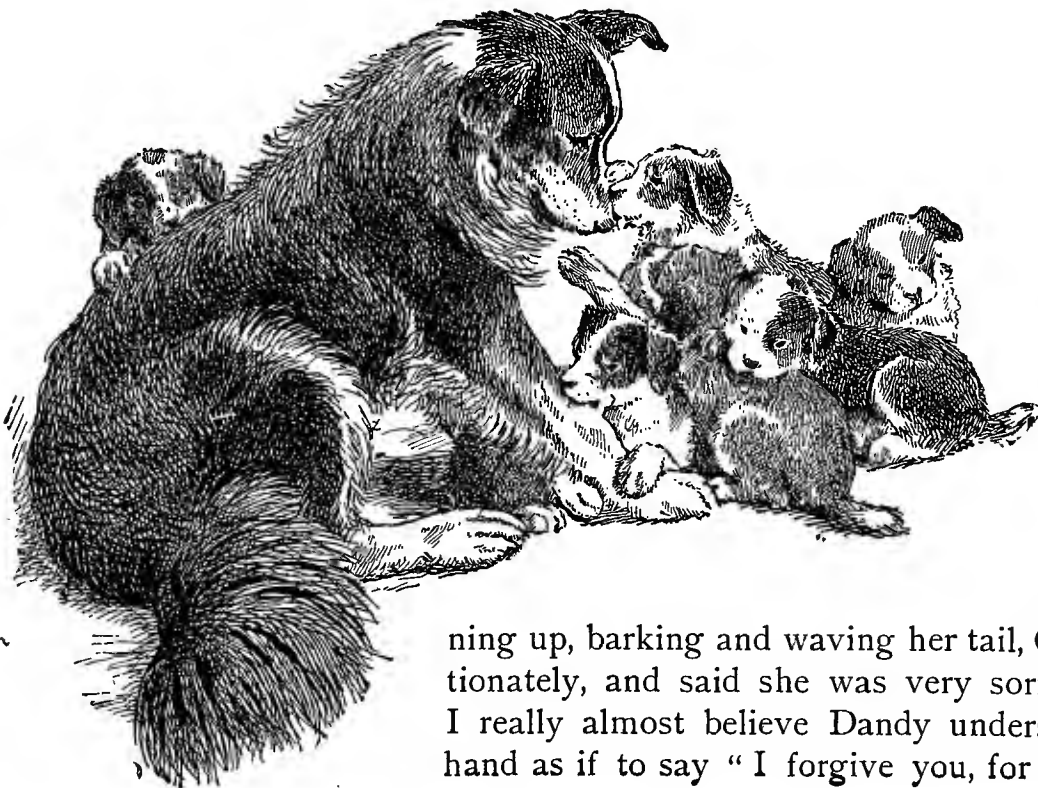
"A story!" cried Cousin Nellie. "Oh, do tell it to me." So Fred made himself spokesman for the rest and began:

"Two years ago, when Baby was quite a little tot, she wandered away up Buttercup Lane, and when tea-time came she could not be found. Of course, everybody went off to look for her, Dandy included, but where she had gone no one could tell. Poor Mother was distracted, and all the farm servants were looking for the lost little one with lanterns, but not a trace of her could they see. All of a sudden Dandy came running into the farmyard barking furiously. At first nobody took any notice of her, but presently she began to whine and then caught hold of Hilda's frock with her teeth. Hilda didn't understand at first, but George, one of the farm hands, saw her and suggested that they should follow her into the lane, so they started off, Dandy in front, barking her very hardest. Well, they followed her up the lane for a long way; every now and then she would run on in front and come back again as if to see if they were following her. And what do you think? they reached at last a clump of trees, and there in the shadow lay Baby! Dandy had found her

there and had come to the farm to say so, but some gipsies had stolen all her pretty clothes and left her dressed in rags, so that no one would have known her for our dear little Baby except dear old Dandy. But nobody cared about her clothes now that Baby herself had been found, and that was the reason," said Fred, "why Dandy, even though she was old and gray, was still cherished as a faithful and true friend."

And when Dandy came run-

ning up, barking and waving her tail, Cousin Nellie patted her affectionately, and said she was very sorry for what she had said, and I really almost believe Dandy understood her, for she licked her hand as if to say "I forgive you, for of course you did not know."





SHEEP.

"MAGGIE."

A TALE OF A SHEEP.

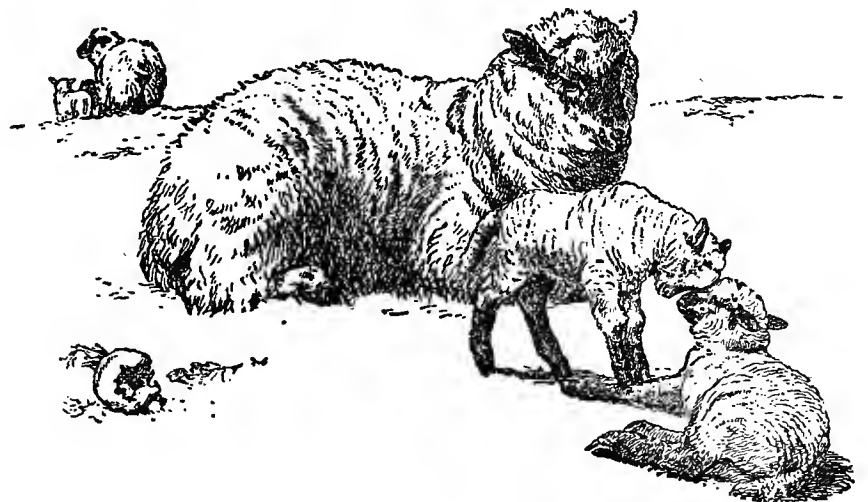
MAGGIE was at one time a pet lamb — my pet lamb, to tell the truth; for I had charge of her two or three hours after she was born, and brought her up with a bottle after her Mother died. It is not a difficult thing to bring a lamb up in this manner, as it very soon finds out the bottle that is full of warm milk, and it will suck away, shaking its little tail all the time, just as if it was going to shake it off.

But Maggie grew up to be a sheep, and was sent with the other sheep on to the fells, but whenever she got a chance she would find her way back to the house.

One Christmas Eve my sister, who was then about twelve years old, was sent with little Christmas presents to one of the shepherds' cottages, right across the fells. She stayed away rather longer than she ought to have done, playing with the shepherd's baby, so when she started home it was quite dark, which wouldn't have mattered much if it hadn't been snowing very hard; but Gracie imagined she knew the road so well that it didn't trouble her much till she got half-way home, when she found she had lost her way. She walked on and on, with nothing to guide her, wandering far away from the right path, till at last, tired out with walking so long through the deep snow, she sat down and began to cry.

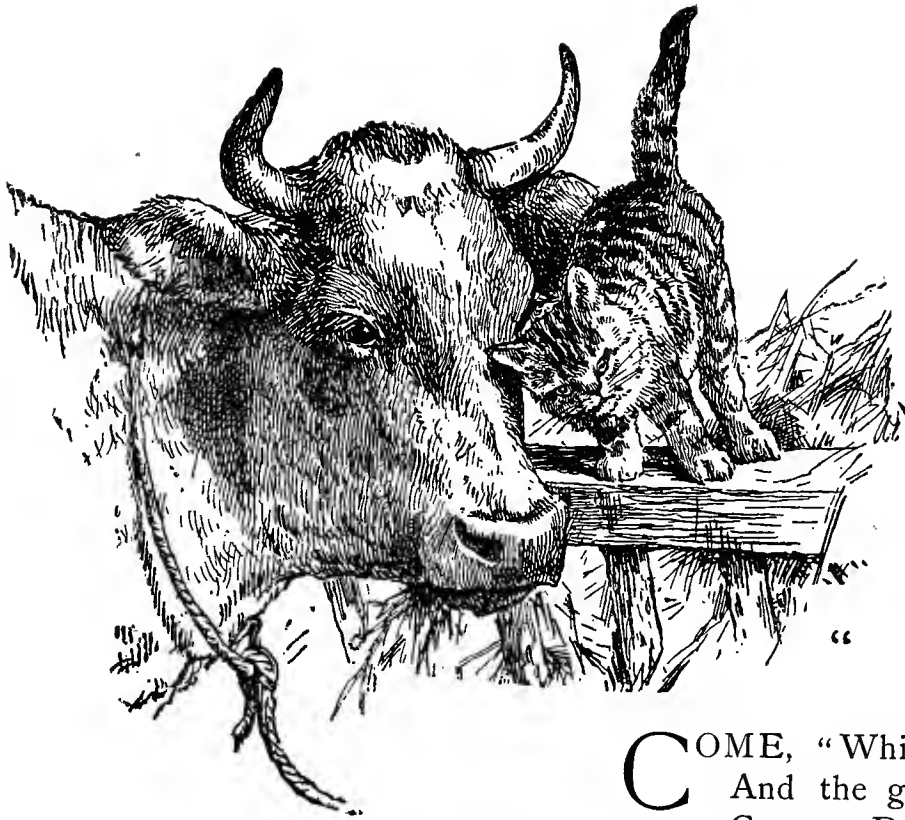
She hadn't been sitting more than a couple of minutes when a warm nose was pushed under her arm, and Maggie stood before her. Gracie jumped up at once. "Go home!" she cried, remembering what we used to say when Maggie would follow us down the lanes to school. The sheep,

perfectly understanding what was required, trotted off, and Gracie followed, till they came to a gate, which she opened, and Maggie led her through the lanes; and shortly after she arrived safely at our kitchen door, very tired and frightened, and just in time to stop Father and all the laborers, who were starting out to try and find her.





THE COW.



“ *MILKING-TIME.* ”

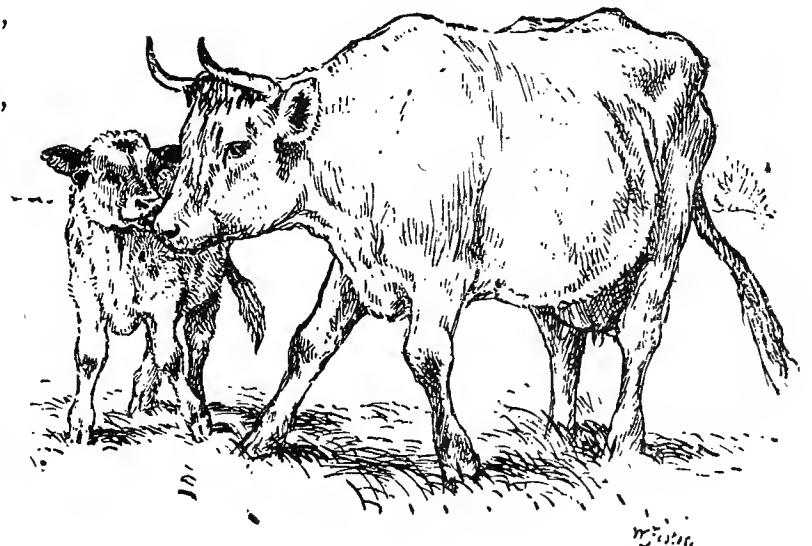
COME, “Whiteface,” come, for the sun has set,
And the grass with evening dew is wet;
Come, “Daisy,” come, and “Buttercup” too,
For Molly, the milkmaid, waits for you.

I heard the clock in the steeple chime,
And it seemed to say “’tis milking-time,”
And Molly stands at the garden-gate,
A-wonderin’ why her cows are late.

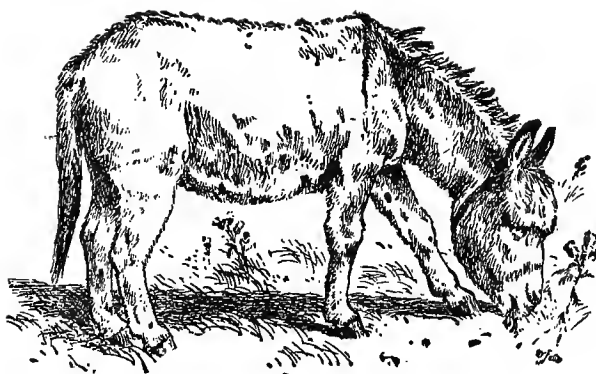
Were you asleep in some cool retreat?
Or was it the scent of the clover sweet?
Or were you too lazy the hill to climb?
What kept you away at milking-time?

Then “Buttercup” turned and answered me,
“In the new-mown hay by the apple-tree
The children were dancing round in a ring,
And we stopped a minute to hear them
sing.

“The song kept time to their tiny feet,
Their voices sounded so fresh and sweet,
As they sang together some quaint old
rhyme,
That it made us forget our milking-time.”



NEDDY'S MEMORIES.



I AM — or rather was — a country donkey, brought up on a village green. Children and dogs, ducks, geese, and turkeys were my constant friends and companions, and a happy time we had. But dear Mother — how hard she worked from morning till night, though I was too young to notice it! what loads she dragged to the market town! and how meekly she bore rough words and scanty fare!

Sometimes she would tell me what weary miles she had travelled, and what blows she had received in recompense. "They call me obstinate and lazy," she would say. "But, oh, they don't understand. If they'd only let me rest now and then, the hills wouldn't seem half so bad to climb."

Well, one day Mother came back from market and told me I had been sold. "Poor little Ned," she said, rubbing her soft cheek against mine, "your play days are over now. Master says you'll have to trot up and down a lot of steps with heavy burdens on your pretty back. You need to be a cart-horse to stand it."

Mother was right — it *was* hard work; but then I was young and strong and had a kind old master. At first I carried only light burdens, and was allowed to rest half-way up the steps of our village; but as I grew older I carried heavier loads, and often got an encouraging pat or a nice juicy carrot as a reward for extra labor.

Our village was not like any other village, for I'd heard people say there was not another as quaint and pretty in the world. Nothing on wheels could go up or down it, for the street was made of steps, and led straight away to the sea.

Sometimes we had to toil very hard indeed, but that was when a coal-barge came in, and the coal was sent up in sacks to the very top of the street. Summer was our best time, when visitors made pets of us, and painted pictures of us, so that their friends might see how we lived in our strange little village. At last master died, and I was sold again, this time to a donkey woman, to carry children about the sands.

Then how I did long to tell those children that I knew most of us would run ever so much faster if they would only smooth our ears gently up and down, instead of kicking us with their impatient little feet.

Well, one day, when Jenny, the bath-chair donkey, fell ill, Betty said I must draw the chair along instead, and it happened on that particular day one of the dearest of old ladies wanted a ride. I knew she had a kind heart by the way she begged Betty not to hurry me up the hilly little streets that led to the town. So I was not surprised when she pulled up beside a poor, sick-looking man. "Johnson," she cried, as if she knew him quite well. "*You* here! and looking so ill, too?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the man.

"Dear, dear!" said the old lady, letting the reins fall on my back in amazement. "And what's become of your greengrocer's shop?"

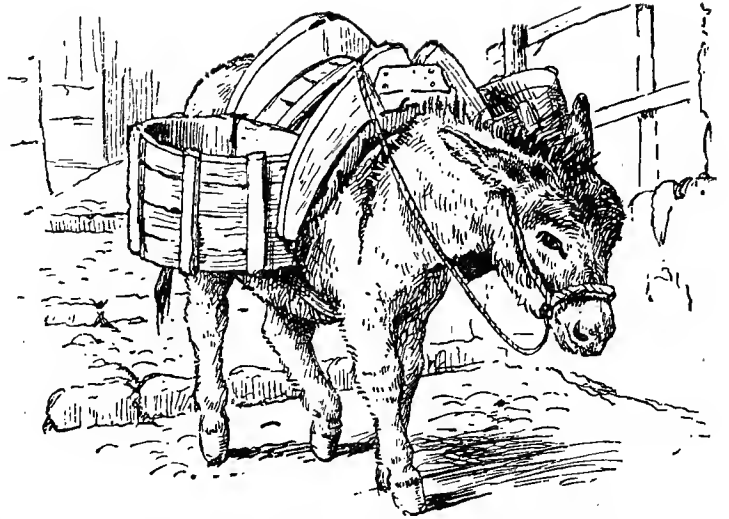
"Sold up, ma'am," said Johnson, with a jump in his voice, not unlike the bath-chair when it bumps over a stone. "And your wife, what does she do?"



"NEDDY."

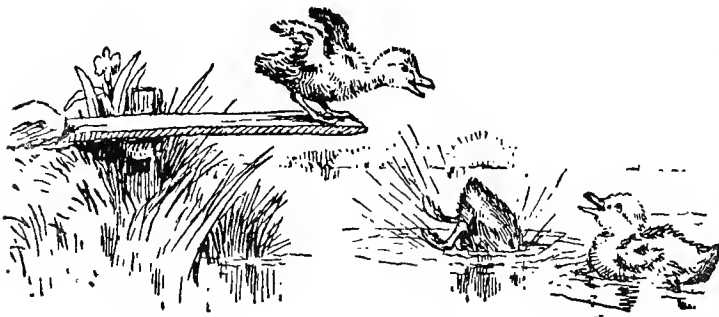
"Sells flowers, ma'am, but she don't make much out of it; flowers is heavy to carry, and the wife not strong."

"Poor thing!" said the old lady; and I felt her lean out of the chair and heard something drop in the man's hand that chinked as it fell, and on we went. After this the old lady was so quiet that I thought she must be turning something over in her mind, and so she was; for the next day she bought me from Betty, and gave me to Johnson, with money enough to buy harness and a brand new barrow. And if I live to be a hundred—which they say donkeys do sometimes—I can never forget Johnson's delight as we travelled home together.



THE VENTURESOME GOSLINGS.

THE old farm looked very pretty, with the sun shining on it through the trees, and the pigeons flying about the roof. In the yard a turkey was watching her young ones, who were running about with a great deal of fuss and chatter. She was feeling very anxious and rather worried, as several of the other turkeys had made remarks about her children, and said they did not look much like little turkeys. It was quite true, they were not at all like the last family she had; her other children were much taller and had better figures, and their color was different; these were like little yellow fluffy balls, and were very common in their manners. However, it was no use worrying—there they were, and she must make the best of them. It was a very hot day, and she wanted to rest in the cool barn and chat with her neighbors, but the children quarrelled so with the other little ones that she was obliged to keep running after them and separating them. She determined at last to take them into the field, where she thought they could play alone while she had a little sleep. She managed to get them across the yard and through the gate, and then told them to run about and find some food for themselves. She settled herself comfortably under a tree, and hoped that, at least for that afternoon, they would be quiet, as she was quite tired of looking after such an unruly brood.



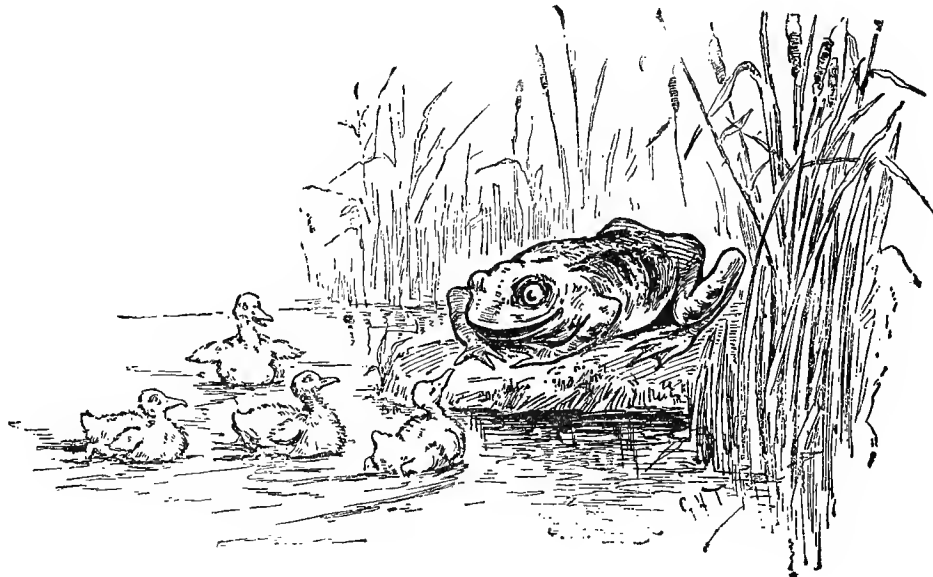
They were very good for some time, running about cheeping and clucking to each other; they looked about and picked up stray ears of corn, and then they wanted a new amusement, and thought they would like to go



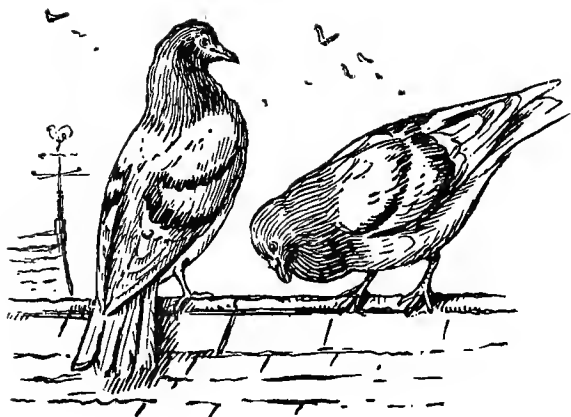
TURKEY AND GOSLINGS.

THE VENTURESOME GOSLINGS.

for a walk beyond the field, where they could see more of the world. The eldest suggested that while Mother was asleep they should all go down to the pond to watch the ducks and the geese. It seemed very venturesome, and the younger ones feared it was almost too daring, but the elder ones insisted, so they all followed. Down they waddled, through the long grass, with terrible adventures by the way; the farmer's children coming home from school tried to catch them, and the big dog barked at them, but at last they arrived safely, and then how delighted they were at the sight of the pond! It was quite deserted, the ducks and geese had gone back to the farm, and the seven little brothers and sisters found themselves alone. A strange feeling came over them; they stood and looked at the water for a little while, and then, with a sudden "cluck" and a flutter of downy wings, they all rushed down towards it. In that moment they knew, what their mother had not discovered, that they were not really her children, not turkeys at all, but only ordinary little goslings. The bravest had taken their first plunge when Mrs. Turkey ran after them; they did not care, they knew she could not follow. Two of them swam out, one stood on his head, another stood on his tail, and the three youngest ran as quickly as they could to get out of her way. She could do nothing but call and scold them, and that she did till she was tired, and then went home and told her friends what a mistake she had made in sitting on eggs that did not belong to her; and the little goslings had a very good time, and found they could take care of themselves quite well without her, for, as they said to each other, they never had thought she was quite a proper sort of Mother.



THE JEALOUS PIGEONS.



THE pigeons were very much aggrieved. The whole farmyard was excited, but the pigeons thought themselves the most hardly used, for till then they had been the most admired creatures there, and now nobody took any notice of them. No, they only looked at the Peacock, that vain thing with the ridiculous tail. The pigeons might do as they liked, puff out their breasts, and spread their tails, and strut, and coo melodiously, but it was no use, for every one cried out, "Oh, look at that lovely Peacock," and never looked at the pigeons.

"Such an absurd creature!" said Mr. Pouter. "He is obliged to stand on the wall, or his tail goes flopping about in the dust. I am thankful I haven't a great broom of a thing trailing behind me, and I am sure the color of your neck, Miss Cooee, is much prettier than those staring blue eyes splotted over it!"

"And what a voice!" cried Miss Cooee. "This morning the gardener had put some Indian corn—a thing I love—in the wheelbarrow, and we were coming to it, and if that creature didn't get up on it, and squawk till I felt quite faint. Oh! it was dreadful!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pouter. "It made me shudder right across the garden, and of course he wouldn't let you touch the corn!"

"Oh! well, he did," confessed Miss Cooee, "though one couldn't enjoy it! But really something must be done to show him he isn't wanted. Do think!"

"Suppose we ask every one to send him to Coventry," replied Mrs. Pouter, who had just come up. "He likes a chat, and if no one spoke to him he might find it too dull to stay!"

So Mr. and Mrs. Pouter and Miss Cooee went around, and asked everybody—the cocks and hens and turkeys, geese and ducks—to promise they would not speak to the Peacock, and they all consented.

Now after this the poor Peacock did not have a very happy life. He didn't mean to be proud or conceited, and he was really of a very friendly disposition. When he found no one would speak to him he asked what he had done to offend them, but directly he spoke they all put their claws over their ears and shrieked. At last in despair he went to the Pig.

"Will you speak to me, Mrs. Pig? Will you tell me why I am so treated?"

Mrs. Pig nodded. She was a very wise person.

"They are jealous," she said, "because of your tail, you know."

"But I can't help my tail," sobbed the Peacock. "It grew of itself. I had nothing to do with it!"

"And they say you are conceited and have an ugly voice!"

THE JEALOUS PIGEONS.

"I know my voice is ugly," he replied. "I have been told *that* ever since I was born! But I can't help it, and I must speak sometimes. Oh, I am a very miserable bird!"

"Well, I really am very sorry for you," said Mrs. Pig, "and I'll think what can be done. I know well enough how hard it is to be ill-treated for what is not one's own fault." Then the poor Peacock went and sat in a corner by himself.

Just then Rover, the farm dog, trotted up, and Mrs. Pig spoke to him. "Yes," he said, "I know. It is absurd, and I won't have it. There is to be a meeting to-night, and, please, you must come, Mrs. Pig. Mrs. Mooey will be there, and Mr. Jack, the horse. I won't have the peace of the yard destroyed by these quarrels."

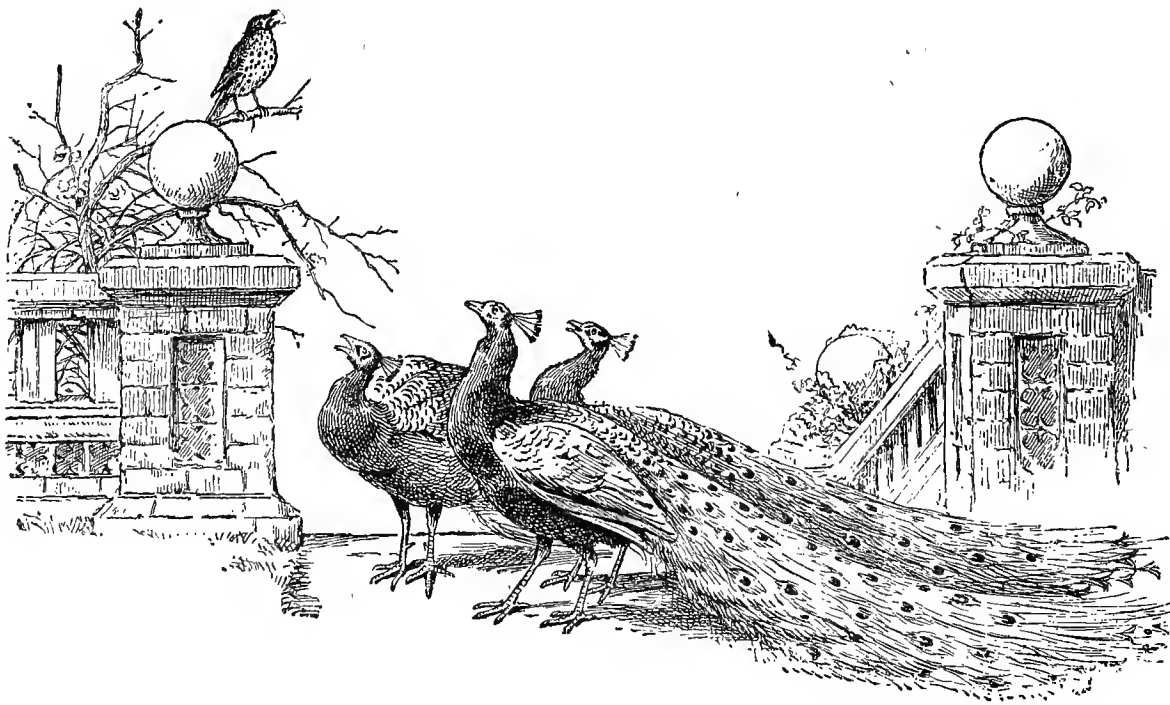
It was a very full meeting, and Rover took the chair. When all the complaints had been heard he spoke.

"Now, look here," he said to the pigeons. "I think you are behaving very badly. The Peacock can't help his tail or his voice, any more than you can yours. It isn't fair, and I won't put up with it. - You must be friendly!"

"Oh, please do," said the Peacock pleadingly, in the very softest squawk he could manage. "I am very sorry my voice is ugly, but I won't talk more than I can help, or spread my tail either, if you will only speak to me sometimes!"

Then the pigeons looked very much ashamed of themselves. "We are sorry we have been so horrid," they said, "and if you will forgive us we will never do so any more!"

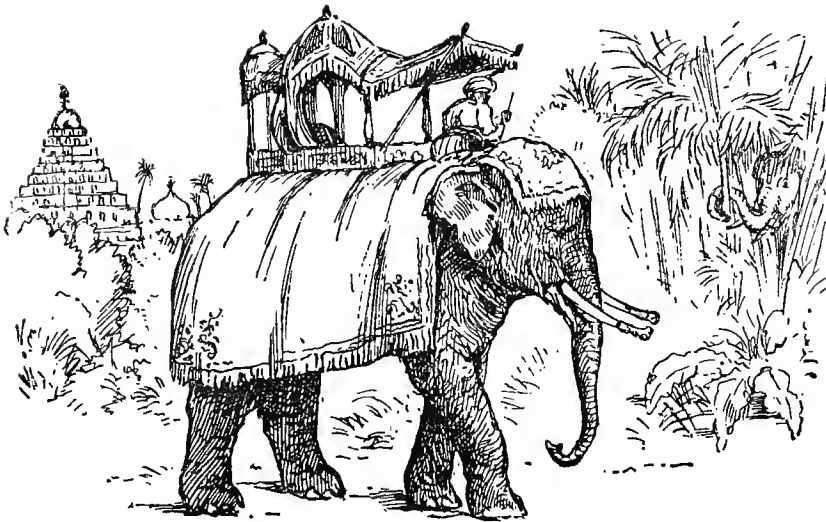
So peace was restored to the farmyard.





PIGEONS AND PEACOCK.

A GREAT MISTAKE.



“YES!” said the Elephant, “I feel that it was a great mistake.”

The Elephant had been talking to Tommy, who lived with his Father and Mother in India, and an Elephant was no strange sight to him. And Tommy had grown so sleepy in the hot sun that it did not seem at all odd that the Elephant should begin to talk in a deep, grunting voice. They had both, too, been naughty, having each run away.

“What is that you are saying?” asked Tommy, with a great yawn.

“I’ll tell all about it, if you care to stop,” said the Elephant, sadly.

“Well, make haste, for my ayah will come after me when she wakes up,” said Tommy. “Then I shall catch it for running away.”

“Catch it, indeed!” said the Elephant. “Does your ayah sit on the back of your neck, and stick a spiky thing into you when she wants you to go anywhere?”

“Certainly not,” Tommy answered, angrily. “She wouldn’t.”

“Well, my driver does, anyhow,” said Chune; “and he will, too; not that it hurts much, but think of the rudeness of the thing, and you will be glad you’re not an elephant.”

“And the mistake you made?”

“That was when I first ran away. I was a wild elephant then, and young and vain. We lived in the forest—the cool dark forest—in a great troop, and came out at night to feed in the rice-fields that the kind natives planted for us. I should have been always happy there, if the people in town had not caught my brother in a trap and carried him away. He was an ugly white color, which is a great deformity in an elephant. I did not see him for more than a year, and when I did, it was from among the trees beside the road he was walking on. I hardly knew him; his tusks had gold tips, and a beautiful red cloth covered his back. On that was a *howdah*, a covered seat, you know, and in which sat a prince, whom my brother was allowing to ride on his back. And all the time my brother was walking people were bowing down to him, and strewing flowers in the way. My brother was always horribly vain, you know. When I saw that, I was jealous and jeered at him.”

“What did you call out?” asked Tommy.

“I said, ‘Here’s a pretty howdah-do,’ and ‘Where did you get that driver?’” said the Elephant. “And that very evening I walked up the road to the town, so that the people could dress me up like my brother, and pay me the same honor, for I am by far the finer elephant. And when they met me, they tied me up and half-starved me, because they thought I was still wild and fierce. Then instead of turning my brother away, and dressing me in red, and tipping my tusks with gold, they sawed off my tusks altogether, and ever since then I have pulled about lime and bricks, and have had to use my poor trunk to pile heavy logs on carts, and to do all sorts of hard work. The proper



THE ELEPHANT.

use of a trunk is to pluck the young leaves from the trees, and the grass and hay from the fields, I think. That is why I say it was a great mistake."

"I believe it was because your brother was *white*," said Tommy, "that they made him the Prince's elephant."

"So another elephant told me once," said Chune; "but it couldn't be. I tell you it's a great deformity. Oh, dear me! here comes my driver, and the spiky thing in his hand."

MR. AND MRS. GIRAFFE.



A GROVE of beautiful parasol-topped acacias, scenting the air with their fragrance, and standing in the midst of a wide African plain. Mr. and Mrs. Giraffe, having got separated from the rest of the herd, were enjoying their meal about nightfall. Gracefully they swung their long, long necks about among the branches, picking off even the topmost leaves in the daintiest manner with their long, flexible tongues, one at a time.

"Oh dear, what a bother!" sighed Mrs. Giraffe.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked her mate.

"Such a nice, tender leaf, and I've dropped it on the ground; such trouble to pick it up."

"Allow me," rejoined Mr. Giraffe, politely. And you would have laughed to see how oddly he stooped, straddling his great, long, thin fore-legs apart, till with much difficulty he got his head down to the ground and picked up the dainty morsel.

"Here, my dear!" he exclaimed, offering it to his mate, with a playful prod of his short, soft horns.

But Mrs. Giraffe did not notice him. She was on the alert, listening for and looking at something, her large, soft, prominent eyes gazing in all directions.

Her husband followed her example. He did not need to turn his head, for his eyes were so prominent that he could see before and behind him without doing so. In truth, he had indeed "eyes at the back of his head." And what he saw with them filled him with dismay, for it was a yellow, tawny something, with noble mane, slinking towards the acacias among the long grass of the plain.

"Fly, my dear; let us fly," cried the giraffe. "A lion is stalking us!"

No need to tell her twice. Mrs. Giraffe, a gentle, timid creature, bounded off with her heart in her mouth, so to speak. Her husband followed. It would have made you laugh to see how they galloped! Such slow, unwieldy motion it was, with their short hind legs and thin, long fore-legs. They took good long strides, though, about fourteen feet long each!

Yet they did not seem to get over the ground fast. A swift horse would have caught them up, much more a lion, supperless and hungry. He glared fiercely on the giraffes as he came up with them. Nothing to be afraid of here. They had two little horns on their foreheads, indeed, but they looked too soft to fight with, and the lion prepared for a spring and a bound on to the back of the hindermost.

"Hurry on! Hurry on!" said Mr. Giraffe to his mate. "You get away, and leave me to deal with him."

On went Mrs. Giraffe, "galumping"—there is no other term for her ungainly gallop—and the lion made sure of his supper, and gave one great bound.

But Mr. Giraffe stood still, and took to kicking. He received the lion with a shower of kicks from his hind legs, keeping them going so rapidly that the eye could scarcely follow them, while he watched every movement of the lion out of the corner of his eye, and the latter, after receiving blows which half stunned and blinded him, gave up the business as a bad job, and slunk off after an easier prey.

THE DISOBEDIENT BISON.

A LARGE troop of Bison were returning from their night's pasturing, in the open country, to the shelter of the forest. In front of the herd stalked Koolgha, the old father bull, a splendid old fellow, with short thick horns and long hair waving like a fringe over his forehead. But there was one young Bison who lagged behind, grunting and grumbling a great deal.

"I don't see what's the use of getting back to the forest just yet," he muttered in a discontented way. "The sun has not risen yet, it is still quite cool, and there is plenty to eat out here—a pleasant change from the everlasting grass—such nice young crops!"

"You'd better come on," bellowed old Koolgha to his son, glaring at him with a sullen eye of anger. "It is dangerous to loiter in these places; there may be *men* about."

"Men?" cried the young Bison, with a toss of his head. "I don't believe it. I never saw a man, and I'm not afraid of them if they do come. I'll trample and toss them!" he added, looking very brave indeed.

"I'm going to get my way for once," he remarked to a young comrade. "Do you see that nice-looking field of green corn over there? Come and have a browse with me there, and we'll catch up with the old folk afterwards. We can walk quicker than they do."

So the two turned off, and wandered farther down the valley, intent on the appetizing patch. So engrossed were they with the prospect of this forbidden meal that they quite failed to notice that they were being watched. A woolly headed, nearly naked Seedee lay prone behind a fallen tree-trunk, his eyes fixed upon the advancing Bison, all innocent of any danger.

The nearer they got, the nicer the corn looked. How superior to the coarse, rank grass they found in the forest! How their mouths watered, and how the two silly young things congratulated themselves on having left old Koolgha, and gone their own way. But when they reached the little field a great disappointment awaited them. It was surrounded by a strong fence.

"How annoying!" said Bison No. 2; "we can't get at it, after all!"

"Oh, yes!" said Bison No. 1, the leader; "see, here's a hole left in the fence, just big enough to get through. You go first."

"No, you."





THE BISON.

THE DISOBEDIENT BISON.

"No, you."

"I'm afraid. I never saw a fence like this before."

"Nonsense!" cried No. 1, giving him a push with his horns, and shoving him into the entrance. "See how good the corn looks!"

Driven in thus, in spite of himself, Bison No. 2 went full tilt into a noose of running rope, which the Seedees had hung in the narrow entrance on purpose to catch him. He was flung heavily down, and lay struggling.

"Get up, stupid!" cried Bison No. 1; "get out of the way. I'm hungry."

"I can't; I've got something round my neck. I—I—" gurgled and choked the other.

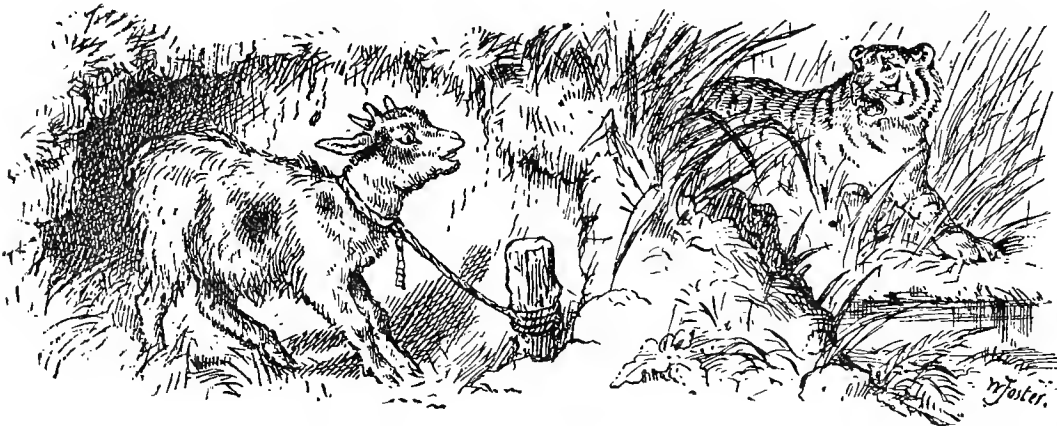
But Bison No. 1 heeded him not. Annoyed at being kept out of the field, he rushed in after his comrade, only to entangle himself likewise in the noose.

But he fared worse. Bison No. 2, being of a milder disposition, when he found he was being strangled, lay still, panting and heaving, a prisoner. But No. 1, mad with rage at his loss of freedom, pawed and stamped and shook his head, struggling and throwing himself about in his fury, till the noose tightened fatally about his neck.

When the Seedee rushed up to see the success of his trap, he found Bison No. 1 dead — choked by the noose. The Seedees had a grand feast that day off bison flesh, their greatest dainty. But the other Bison they gradually tamed, and kept to work among their other cattle.

A TIGER STORY.

BILLY was a very young and sprightly little kid, who roamed with his parents and the rest of the herd, all day long, about the roads and through the jungle (in charge of a little dusky native boy), picking up a scanty subsistence on dry leaves and coarse grass and weeds.



Billy was pretty to look at, with his long, rough brown hair, and his budding horns on his saucy head; and he knew it, too, for Billy was very conceited. He thought himself very superior to all the other young goats in the flock.

One day he became more elated than ever. Their little Shepherd's Father, accompanied by a white Sahib, the like of whom Billy had never before seen, came and inspected the herd, and singled out Billy from all the rest.

"He will do nicely," quoth the dusky native boy. "He is more active and noisy than all the rest, and bleats louder."

Billy's pride knew no bounds. He told his parents and all his brothers and sisters that some great distinction must be in store for him. But the old Ram, the

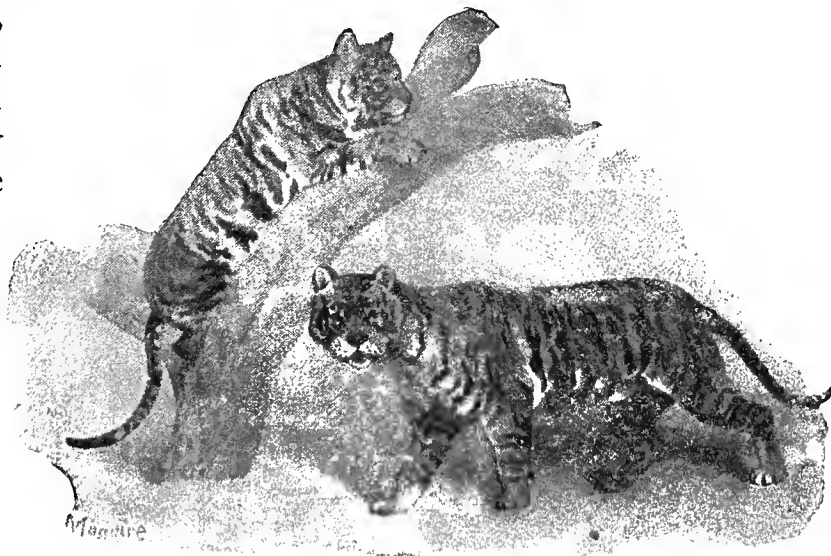


THE TIGER.

grandfather of all the flock, only shook his head and looked wise. He had had to do with white people before.

They tied a rope round Billy's neck, and led him away a long distance into the forest. The sun was going down. It was a long walk, and Billy, who got tired soon, and unwilling to hurry, got dragged, and kicked, and beaten in a very unpleasant and novel way. If this was honor, he began to think he would rather be back in the herd, going home quietly to bed. But he had no choice.

At last, in the depths of the forest, near a lovely pool of water, they reached a place where a round, deep pit had been dug in the ground, and into this they thrust Billy, and tied him by the rope to a post. He was now thoroughly alarmed. Fearful tales of slaughter the old Ram had sometimes told them came back to his mind, and poor Billy made sure that his end had come. He tugged and strained at the rope, but all in vain—bleating for his “ma-ma-ma-ma!” with all his might. But his Mamma did not come. The natives went away and left him. The white gentleman climbed up into a tree overhanging the pit, and sat there very quietly, armed with a mysterious weapon, the like of which Billy had never seen before, and which he decided must be intended to kill him with.



He perceived that a string was tied to his ear, and that the white man pulled it every now and then whenever Billy had been silent for a while, till he “ma-ma-ed” with pain again, his distressed little bleat echoing far and wide through the silent jungle.

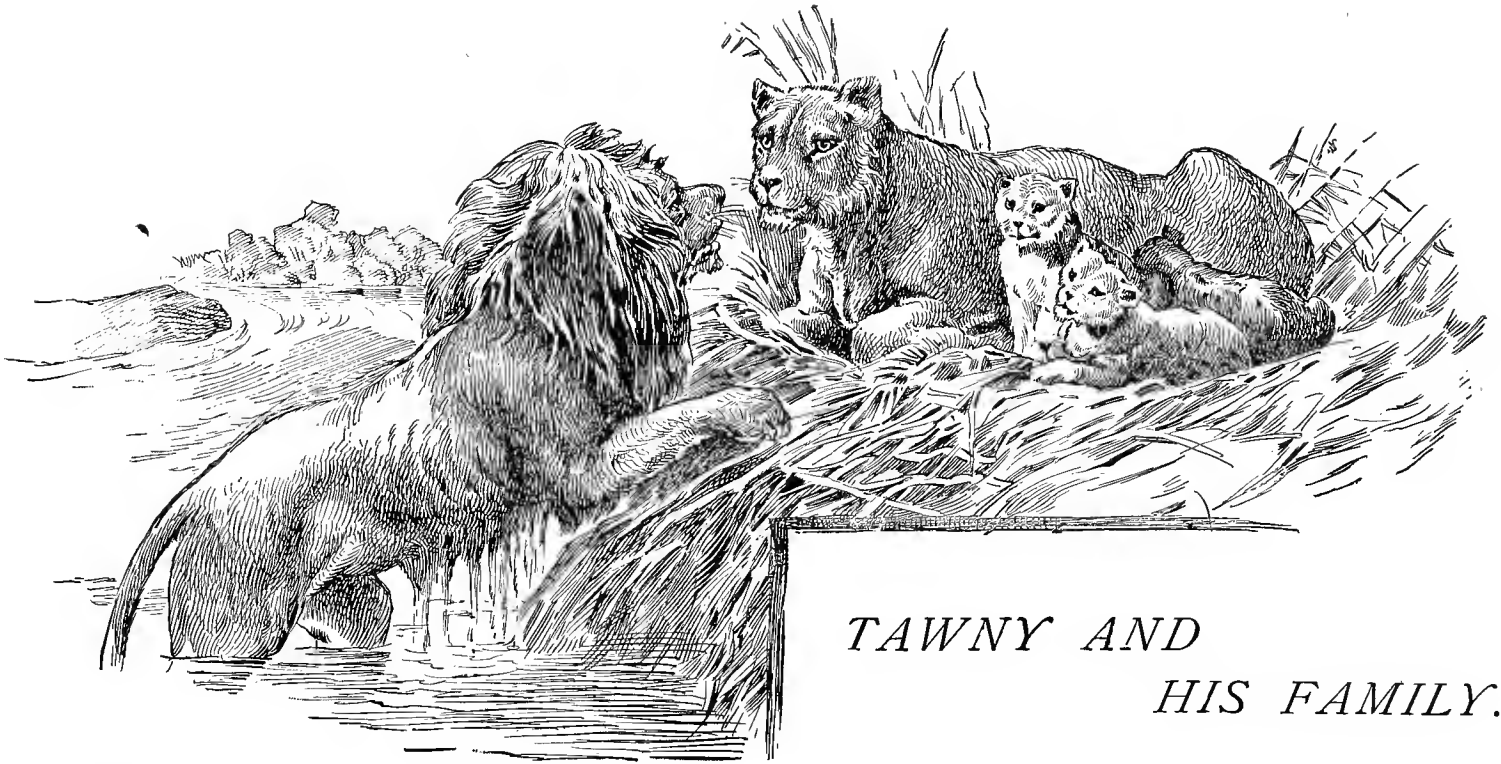
Suddenly, however, the pulling at the string ceased, and Billy, in a mortal terror, forgot all about the Sahib and his painful ear; for out of the darkness came the slow, stealthy rustle of leaves, the measured creep of some wild beast, and a pair of yellow, glaring eyes gleamed out of the gloom quite close upon Billy.

He gave himself up for lost. Here, at last, was the dreaded tiger of whom the old Ram had often told stories, and from whom no great cow, or bullock, or deer, far less a helpless, little tied-up kid, was safe. Billy gave a hopeless, despairing tug at the rope which held him, and a final piteous “ba-ba!”

A fearful sound followed—a sharp and loud report, which frightened Billy almost as much as the tiger. He thought he was quite killed. But when he recovered himself, the Sahib was down from the tree, and kneeling over the great yellow beast, which lay, stone-dead, on the edge of the pit. The natives suddenly reappeared, and Billy was untied by his little Shepherd Boy, and led back, oh! how willingly, to the herd.

Of his experiences of that awful night he never said much. But the rest of the flock noticed that he was much quieter, and much less desirous of asserting himself, and of distinction; more submissive to his elders and to his Shepherd.

But the old Ram shook his gray beard at him, and remarked: “Billy's had a lesson!”



TAWNY AND HIS FAMILY.

TAWNY was the finest Lion, in fact the finest animal, in the whole menagerie. Not only was he extremely handsome, but he looked so very gentle and good-natured that everyone who came to visit him took a fancy to him. "Dear old fellow," said one of his visitors one day, "I wonder what he is thinking about, as he lies there in the sun, blinking his eyes and whisking his tail, just as our puss does."

Tawny's earliest recollections were of a home in the long thick grass of an African jungle, where he had lived with his Papa and Mamma and his two brothers, Long-claws and Fiery-eyes, and where he had passed a very happy childhood. He and his brothers were rather in awe of their noble and dignified Papa, who, as a general rule, did not take much notice of his children, beyond providing them with food and seeing that no enemy approached them. At night time he roamed about the forest searching for prey, and Mrs. Lion and her little ones could hear his voice sounding in the distance like muffled thunder. He never failed to return in the morning with a fine fat buck, and once he even succeeded in capturing a buffalo. Sometimes he visited the surrounding villages and carried off an ox or sheep which might have been left insecurely herded for the night.

Following one of these visits a whole party of hunters, armed with spears and guns, came out into the forest, determined to punish the bold robber who had so long feasted upon their cattle. In a very short time both the lion and lioness were overcome and killed, and the cubs were in the hands of the hunters. At first they did not know what to make of their captors, but as they were kindly treated they soon lost all fear, and learned to frolic and caress their masters as three kittens might have done, only they were much bigger.

Long-claws and Fiery-eyes were sold to a traveling menagerie, but Tawny proved such a playful fellow that his master could not make up his mind to part with him, and kept him as a pet. But a lion is never a very safe pet, however tame he may appear to be.

TIGNE AND HIS FAWN.

TIGNE, the stag, stood fully four feet at the shoulder; his magnificent antlers measured thirty-five inches in length. No wonder he was proud of these beautiful antlers, and felt ashamed of himself when he had shed them. He never forgot how, when he stooped to drink one fine



February day, and saw his reflection looking up at him with a smooth head like a hind's, he was so startled that he fled into a thicket, where he lay and waited until matters righted themselves. Tigne led rather a lonely life. He had his wife and little daughter, but he did not see a great deal of them, and cared little for their companionship. Though his wife admired him immensely, she was far more attached to her little Tortot; for she knew the fawn needed her protection and watchful care, while Tigne was quite capable of looking after himself.

As he stood there on the hill-top, in all the glory of a bright summer morning, the great stag shook himself, and tossed his antlered head, and then trotted slowly across the moorland to where a broad stream flowed between the hills.

But long before he reached the river, Tigne stopped on a rising ground, and looked about him warily; something unusual caught his keen eye; a reddish-brown object lying by the river side, almost in the water; he thought at first he would keep away from it, and go farther up the stream. But in that moment, another smaller something crept out of the heather and approached the motionless heap. The stag started and threw up his head; for his quick ear caught a feeble cry, and he knew it was his own little fawn standing there by the

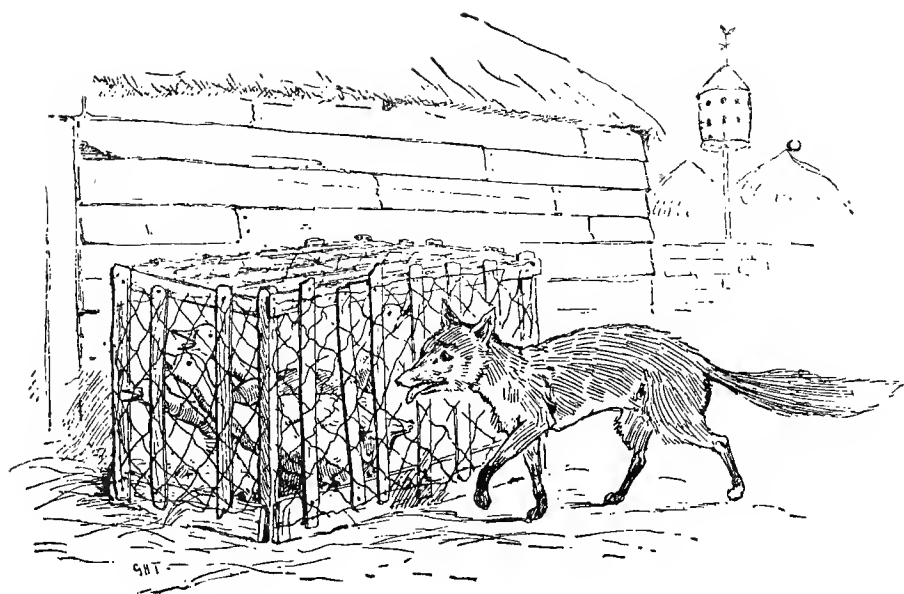
side of her mother. But what was the matter with the hind that she lay so still? Alas, she was dead! Tigne cautiously approached the pair; he found her stiff and cold, though what had happened to make her so he never knew. Little Tortot knew little of her father, and was rather afraid of him. The look in those big pathetic eyes touched Tigne strangely. What in the world was to become of the fawn now her mother could no longer take care of her? Tigne resolved that he would do his best to supply his poor hind's place.

So things went on till one morning Tigne was roused from his lair by the deep baying of the hounds. Off he dashed across the moor like the wind, with a crowd of dogs and horsemen in hot pursuit. Twice he swam the river, but still they pressed after him; he turned in mid-stream, and stood at bay upon a rock; where, after one or two attempts, the hounds feared to approach him closely. But he suddenly thought of Tortot. What would she do if he never came home? He turned and plunged into the river. He was going back to her at any cost—and all the dogs and horsemen after him. On he tore; but he was growing weary, his head seemed like to burst, and his breath came in gasping sobs; when all at once—how it happened he never knew—the earth seemed to give way beneath him, and he fell headlong to the ground, not a dozen yards from Tortot's hiding place. And—how it came about neither Tigne nor Tortot could ever explain—instead of being torn to pieces by the dogs, they presently found themselves very comfortably established in the Zoological Gardens in a cage all their own; where, if they missed the free life of the moors, they were at least safe from dogs and men, and all the dangers of the chase.



SLY MR. FOX.

SLY MR. FOX.



SLY Mr. Reynard
Steals into the yard,
Looking for supper,
When no one's on guard.

Says he, "I could fancy
A nice tender goose;
Alas, they're all caged up,
And sighing's no use!

“What’s that—oh, I’m off,
The farmer’s about;
Good night—hope to meet you
The next time you’re *out*.”

THE STORY OF THE EAGLE.

JUST in the same way that there are different sorts of people,—little and big people, white, brown, and black people,—so there are different sorts of Eagles, and the handsomest of all (in fact, on account of its size and beauty, it is called the King of Birds) is the Golden Eagle, which is to be found both in Europe and America.

Now the Golden Eagle this story is about lived in the high mountains of Switzerland, and was the most handsome and wicked of its kind.

This is the story: One fine morning, in a snug little valley, and in a snug little house, there was great rejoicing, for a little baby-girl had made her appearance in the world, and as she was the first baby that had been born in the house, you can quite imagine what a fuss and commotion there was.

Well, the baby was called Marie, and every day she grew prettier and more plump, and would laugh and crow to her little self as she lay basking in the sun, in her cradle, by the cottage door.

Now the inhabitants of this quiet village were all so good-natured and kind, and even the dogs and cats were so exceedingly amiable, that Marie's mother considered it quite safe to leave her child lying in her cradle, while she went to the little shop at the end of the street, to buy everything that was necessary for the snug little house.

So you can imagine the dismay of the poor woman when, on returning home one morning, she found the cradle empty—her baby gone. In frantic haste she rushed to

the nearest house, but the baby was not there; then to the next, and the next; still baby was nowhere to be found. The whole village turned out to help her find the child; they hunted high and low, here, there, and everywhere,—alas, however, without success; but on once more returning to the empty cradle, and on looking into it more closely, to their horror they saw what they had not perceived before — an Eagle's feather. Then, and only then, they guessed the terrible truth. *Baby* had been carried away by the *Golden Eagle*.

Not a moment was to be lost. For one second all eyes were turned to the high cliff; in another moment ropes were brought out, and then every man in the village, headed by the child's father, who had been called from his work, started off to climb the mountain.

Up, up, they went, over boulder, crag, and rock; heedless of torn hands and clothes, thinking only of how precious was every minute; and, oh, it was hard work to climb that rugged mountain quickly!

At last they gained the top, breathless from exertion and excitement, and looked with eager eyes and craning necks down the deep precipice into the Eagle's nest. The Eagle was not there, but the baby was.

Then the long rope was tied round the body of Marie's father, and he was lowered gently down, and as soon as he reached the nest he raised a cry—a cry that those above could not but understand, a cry of the greatest joy, which told them that the baby was alive.

"She was lying crowing and smiling in the nest," gasped her father, hardly able to speak. "I'll carry her home, while the quickest of you run down and tell her mother she is safe."

I don't think any of them remembered how they got down that mountain's side, but what they did know was, that there was not a whole suit of clothes in the village next day, which rejoiced the only tailor greatly, and kept him hard at work for the next two months.

The wicked Eagle was never seen again near the village from that day to this. Whether she stole the baby out of mischief I cannot pretend to say. Perhaps she was jealous that such a pretty bird was lying in that nest of a cradle, while her own nest was empty.

Little Marie was none the worse for her wonderful journey through the air, and she grew up to be a good and lovely girl. The villagers learned one thing from this marvellous adventure—that it was not safe to leave their babies alone, however good the inhabitants and the cats and the dogs might be. And this is the end of this story, which, by-the-bye, I can assure you is perfectly true.





THE EAGLE.

JACK AND JACKO.



JACK was eight years old, and brimming over with health and spirits. His sister had the measles, and he was come to spend the holidays with Grandmamma. Jacko was his little brown monkey, with a sweet face and pretty ways, though often a sly twinkle in his bead-like eyes. But Jones the gardener, and the other servants, couldn't bear "the nasty, mischievous, jabbering little creature!" Only Jack stood his friend.

To him Jacko was the only lively thing about the old house, the only thing that ever wanted to have a real good play.

Before he had been long at Grandmamma's, Jack got into various scrapes. He tumbled into the pond; he left the garden-gate open, and upset a water-can down the stairs. Finally, Jones the gardener brought Grandmamma a terrible accusation against him.

"There's three of our best-keeping pears gone, marm. I counted 'em yesterday. And two panes broke in the greenhouse with stones or balls!"

Jones scowled at Jack, and Grandmamma shook her head at him sadly.

The boy rushed out into the garden, choking with tears. It *was* hard to be blamed for something he had not done!

Out-of-doors by the greenhouse, Jacko met him. Nimble running up the pear-tree, he picked off in a moment with his clever little hands a nice hard pear, and flung it violently against the greenhouse glass.

Jones, who had followed, intending to scold Jack still further, heard a great crash. To his amazement he saw Jacko dart in through a broken pane, and springing into a rose-tree, regale himself eagerly upon the rosebuds he loved!

Jones withdrew silently. That evening Grandmamma gave Jack a new half-crown, and Jacko a collar and chain.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

THIRZA was fourteen years old and a Russian. She had two younger sisters and three younger brothers, and no sooner did they hear that their sister was going to do the marketing than they wanted to go too; and after a great deal of coaxing and wheedling, hugging and kissing, their Father and Mother consented; and it had been arranged that they should be up betimes the following day, and take a long drive to the town—no less than twenty-seven miles over a wild country covered with snow. But they didn't mind this; they were well accustomed to snow and ice, as little Russians ought to be. Besides, Mother had made out a long list of the toys and books to be bought, and it would have been quite worth double the journey to buy such lovely presents.

It was still dark, the next day, when the two beautiful horses were harnessed to



JACKO.

the sleigh, and the children and the old coachman took their seats, all muffled up in furs to keep out the bitter cold.

It was twelve o'clock in the day when they arrived at the town, and the horses were put into a comfortable stable to have a good feed and a rest before their long journey home again, while Thirza and her brothers and sisters went to make their purchases. Indeed, they were purchases! Rounds and rounds of beef, legs and legs of mutton, turkeys and geese, and every sort of game that could be had, for there were many mouths to feed in the large country house; besides, the children's parents were very charitable, and gave away a great many dinners to the poor at Christmas-time. In fact, there were so many good things in the sleigh that there was barely enough room for the poor old coachman and the children to squeeze themselves into it; but that difficulty having been got over, away they went again at a sharp trot.

They were still more than ten miles from home when a sound reached them—a sound that made the two horses first prick up their ears, and then start forward with a terrific plunge—a sound, the hearing of which blanched the cheeks of the old coachman. It was repeated again, not by one, but many, throats,—the hollow, dismal, fearful sound of the crying of a pack of wolves.

The children looked back; in the distance they could see black specks upon the white snow.

And even as they looked, the specks grew larger and larger, till the forms of the cruel animals that pursued them were clearly to be made out. Then the darkness came on, and the horses tore along at a mad gallop, while the howling of the hungry wolves came nearer and nearer, till at last their glaring eyes could be seen not more than a hundred yards away.

"Throw out the dinner!" cried Thirza; "but not too much at a time."

The brave little children obeyed, while the coachman guided the frantic horses. Out went the rounds of beef one after the other, but they seemed as nothing to the hungry animals, staying them but for a few seconds; but even seconds were valuable, as the red lights of home were now plainly to be seen. A few minutes more, and they would be safe within the gates. But the wolves were howling again at the back of the sleigh.

Out went the legs of mutton, out went the turkeys and geese, and out went the game of all sorts. Second after second was gained like this. Out went the toys and books, even the fur rugs and capes, to lighten the sleigh.

Then came a rattle, as they dashed into the stone-paved yard. Shrieks of men and women, a great clash, as the heavy gate swung to, and the howling mass of wolves was shut outside.

Joy, joy, joy! There was not a soul hurt, although every one was very much frightened. And the dinner, and the toys and books? Well, they had gone in good service, for they had saved the children's lives.





THE WOLF.

THE COCKATOO.

WE HAVE to keep our Cockatoo in the conservatory, because he is such a noisy fellow, and I am sure he likes this arrangement; perhaps the warmth and the pretty flowers remind him of his lovely native country, for Cocky has come all the way from South America. Almost as soon as it is daylight he will begin to repeat the whole of the English words he knows, besides a great many more words which are not English, and which none of us understand.

"Pretty Cocky! Pretty Cocky! Pretty Cockatoo—oo—oo!" he will cry at the top of his voice, and then, after giving six shrill whistles, will continue: "Good Cocky! Nice Cocky! Scratch Cocky's head! Cocky won't bite! Cocky's a good bird!"

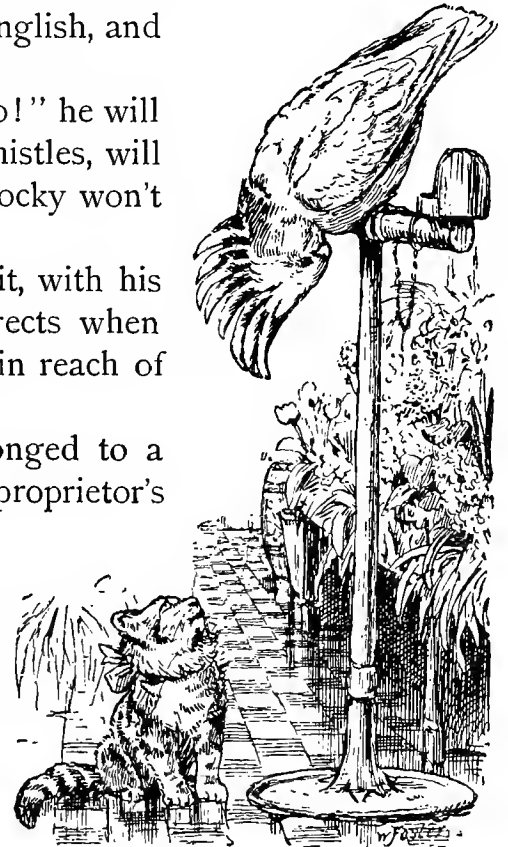
He is a beautiful fellow, as you can see from his portrait, with his pink breast, and his red and white crest, which he instantly erects when vexed or excited: and then, woe betide anyone who comes within reach of his strong beak.

I once heard a capital tale about a Cockatoo that belonged to a menagerie. He would perch himself behind the door, near to the proprietor's wife, when she was taking the money from the people coming to see the show. If there should happen to be a big crowd pushing its way in, the woman would call out: "One at a time, please, gentlemen—one at a time!" So before long the Cockatoo learnt this sentence, and would shout it out louder than anyone, "One at a time, please, gentlemen—one at a time!"

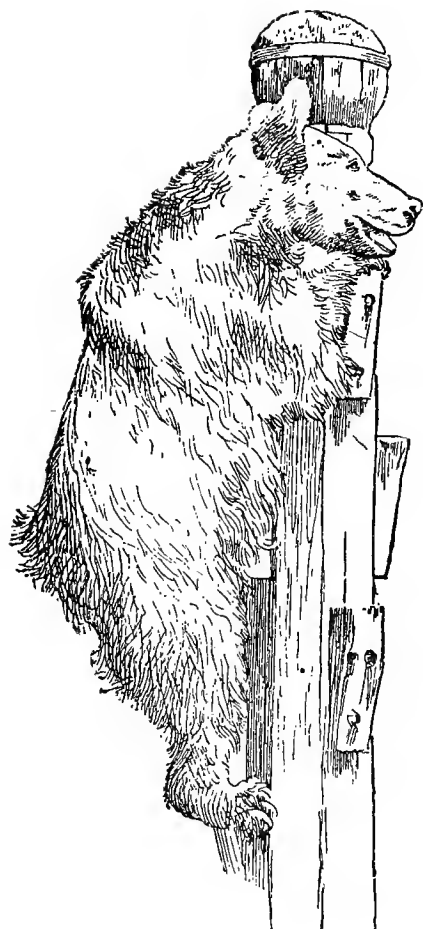
Well, one day he got loose, and flew away. He was searched for for some hours without success, but towards evening a great commotion was heard in a rookery not very far away. The Cockatoo's shrill whistle and screams were distinctly heard above the noisy cawing of the rooks, so the owner of the menagerie hastened to try and catch his pet. He found the poor

bird on the ground in a woeful condition, doing his best to defend himself against the combined attack of the rooks, every now and then shouting at the top of his voice: "One at a time, please, gentlemen—one at a time."

As soon as he saw his master he limped across the field, and with evident delight crawled up his leg and perched himself on his shoulder. This adventure taught Master Cocky a lesson, for he never played truant again from that day.



A TERRIBLE BEDFELLOW.



THE dusk of a winter evening was falling over the long street of a Swiss village, which straggled up the road leading over the high mountains into Italy, when Mother looked out of the carved balcony which overhung the street, to see if her little Fritz was coming home from school. Mother looked grave, for she had a scolding to give Fritz when she saw him, and scoldings are no pleasanter for Mothers to give than for little boys to receive. But something she saw put him out of her head for the moment.

For down the street, in the gathering gloom, came a man oddly dressed, and leading something dark, on four legs, by a chain. He stopped opposite the balcony and looked up, and then Mother saw that it was a tame dancing-bear.

The Italian, in his wide hat and his short trousers, tied with ribbons at the knee, and his sort of bagpipes tucked under his arm, began to beg a night's lodging for himself and his animal. "And to-morrow," he added, "the bear shall dance for nothing, and amuse the children."

Mother good-naturedly agreed. The bear was chained up in a corner of the stable, which was empty, and which, as in all Swiss *châlets*, is situated under the house on the ground floor. Here the old black bear made himself very comfortable upon some hay; and after eating his supper, curled himself up into a big black ball and went to sleep, while his master went off to spend the evening at the village inn.

Shortly afterwards Fritz dawdled home. He had not hurried himself, partly because he had gone home with his friend, Peter, to see the new kittens, and partly because his conscience told him that his Mother would be angry with him. And so she was.

"Well, Fritz," she asked, sternly, "and the cakes I left in the oven when I went down the village to the shop?"

Fritz grew red, stammered, shuffled his feet, and finally blurted out:

"I'm very sorry, Mother,—but you see I was hungry, I smelt them, then I opened the oven-door, I looked in and they looked *so* good I tasted just a corner, then the other corner, and another, till one was all gone, and then somehow they all went."

"Very well," said Mother. "Little boys who steal what does not belong to them must be punished. You will go to bed, and supperless."

Fritz did not take his punishment well. He raged inwardly, feeling very cross and ill-treated.

"Mother is cruel and unkind!" he sobbed to himself, little thinking of the treat of the performing bear she had in store for him the next morning. He brooded over his supposed injuries, till he determined to punish *Mother* for having punished *him*.



THE BEAR.

„I'll frighten her!" he said to himself, as he heard her leave the house to go and sit with a sick neighbor. "I'll hide, and she won't know what's become of me!"

Fritz popped out of bed and dressed, hurried down the stairs leading from the balcony into the street, and opened the stable-door beneath them. He knew that it was empty of cows, and that his Mother would not think of looking there. The stable was quite dark. Fritz groped his way into the far corner, when, finding a bundle of something soft and warm, which he thought was some old sheep-skins or a truss of hay, he nestled down to hide and frighten Mother.

But the stable was dark and still; it was past his bedtime, and Mother was long in coming to look for Fritz. Instead, the "dust-man" came, and very soon the little boy was lying against the warm bundle, fast asleep.

How long Fritz slept he did not know. But he awoke suddenly in a dreadful fright. The thing against which he was leaning began to stir. There came a sound as of some heavy breathing echoing through the silent stable. Fritz sat up and listened, quite scared, making sure in his half-dreaming state that there was some wild beast near him. He put out his hand to grope his way out, if possible, and touched something of flesh—warm—the bear's nose. This roused the bear still further, and he opened his mouth and emitted a low growl.

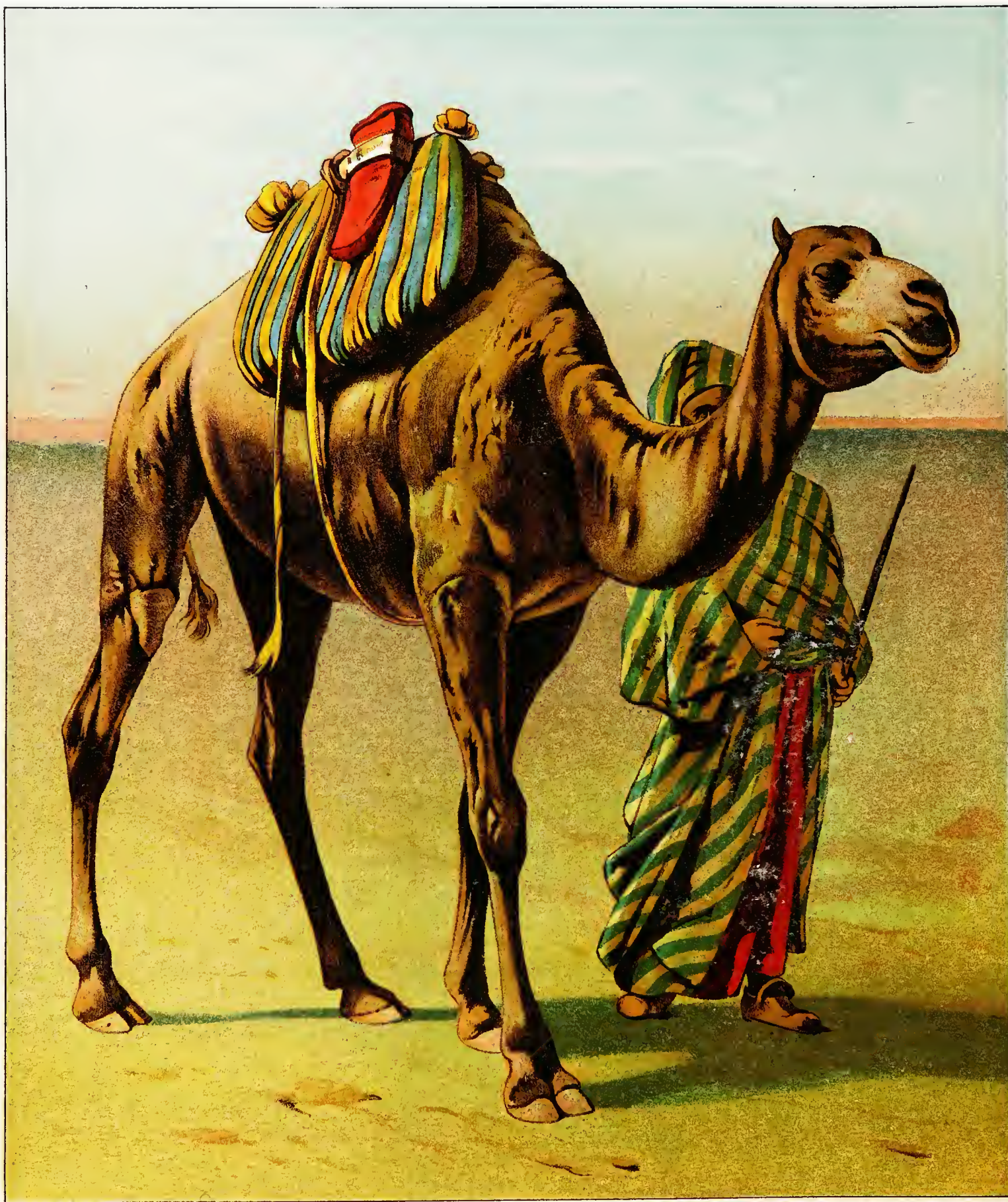
There followed a piercing shriek from Fritz, who screamed again and again, already fancying himself being killed and eaten. Mother, coming up the street, heard it, and rushed in to the rescue, knowing what was in the stable.

She found Fritz bellowing and shrieking, nearly scared to death, and the bear, who was very old and quiet and tame, curling up to go to sleep again. But it was not till Fritz found himself safe in his Mother's arms, at the fireside upstairs, that he could be quieted, and got to explain how he came to be in the stable.

Next morning he had somewhat got over his fright, and was able, with Peter and the other children, to enjoy seeing the bear dance to his master's bagpipes. But as he watched the animal being led away down the village street, he turned to his Mother and put his hand in hers.

"I'm sorry I was so naughty, Mother, but I punished myself far more than you did!"





THE CAMEL.

KHALID'S RIDE.



A CROSS the burning sands of the desert slowly toils the caravan. We recognize the camels, with their humped backs, and their long curved necks, and ungainly limbs. They are called the "Ships of the Desert," and are the means by which men have from earliest times been enabled to cross this desolate region.

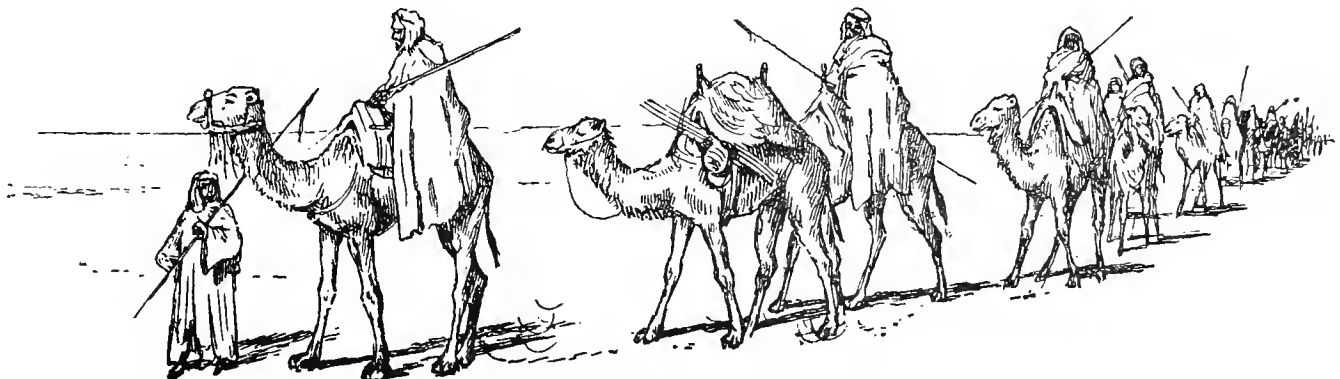
On they plod slowly and wearily; they pass out of sight, and the desert is left again silent and desolate. But then another figure appears pushing onwards through the burning heat, at a very different pace from the slow-moving cavalcade. It is a messenger, mounted on a swift dromedary, which is to the ordinary camel as a race-horse is to the ordinary horse. He has ridden many miles without pause or rest, and on, on he pushes, for much depends on his haste. He urges on his *heirie* by every means in his power, and the great beast strides on

untiringly, while his rider peers out eagerly for some sign to tell him he is nearing his goal. At last he sees a something in the distance; it is the stem of a palm tree, and he knows he is nearing the wells, where those he seeks are resting. As he nears them he shouts aloud to call their attention, for he and his steed are nearly exhausted and almost fall as they reach the encampment.

"Up, up!" he cries. "The rebel tribe are pursuing, and will be upon you if you tarry long."

The young Arab chief heard his voice, and came forth from his tent. He had been travelling leisurely along, bringing his young wife to his home, and had no thought of danger. In a moment he comprehends the peril. Tents are struck, camels laden, the whole party set forth hurriedly, and, swerving from the route they intended to follow, hasten on to reach the shelter of a little town lying on the edge of the desert they have passed. It is but a poor place, but it has walls and gates that can be defended, till word can be sent to the rest of the tribe to come and defend their chief.

None too soon are they within its shelter. Scarce are the gates shut, and the walls manned, than the spear-heads of the rebel tribe are seen glittering in the sunlight. But they are safe, thanks to Khalid and his dromedary, who rode for eighty miles, without resting, to warn them.





THE SEAL.

THE SEAL.

THE mother seal had been out on the cakes of ice with her cubs; it was delightful weather for her, and so good for the cubs!

There was a ship making its way through the cakes of ice, in which the people did not think the weather quite so delightful. The doctor was chopping up some medicine to give to a sick man when he could get it melted, and there was a mass of oil, standing up all by itself in a corner of the cabin, without any barrel round it. But the seal liked it.

But a few days after something happened which she did not like as well.

The first thing she knew was that she found herself in a dark place in some water which was not so cold as she would have liked. But the cubs were with her, and that was a great thing.

You see she had been caught, and put in a tank of water on board of a vessel that had been cruising about the icebergs, and had got caught further north than was desirable. Tom Martin, one of the sailors, had promised his little boy, when he went off to find the North Pole, which the child firmly believed was a pole sticking up in the ground or rather in the ice, that he would bring him home something. What the child especially desired was a little seal.

The captain of the vessel was willing that Tom Martin should have the seals, because he was a poor man, and might be able to sell them to some museum — allowing that he was lucky enough to get them home alive.

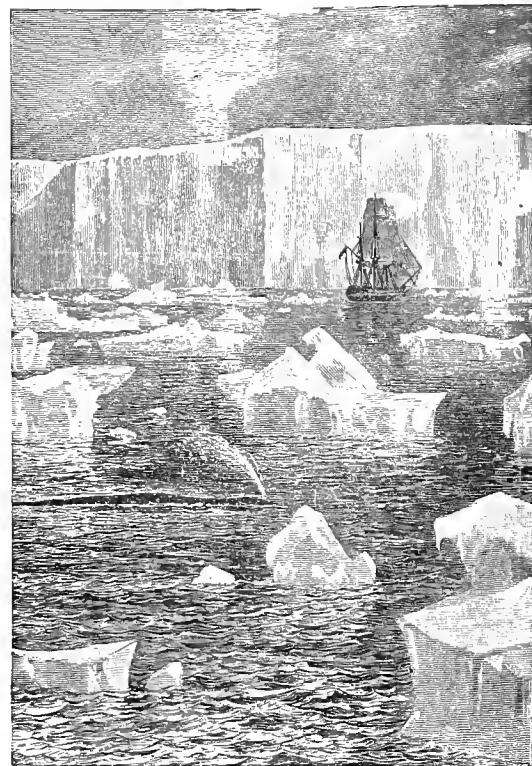
He did not know how to feed them very well; but he did the best he could and they were in good condition when they got into port.

The old seal had not enjoyed herself very much while they were getting home, but the cubs had done very well. They could not remember so well as their mother about the icebergs and the Polar Sea, and so long as they had enough to eat they were contented.

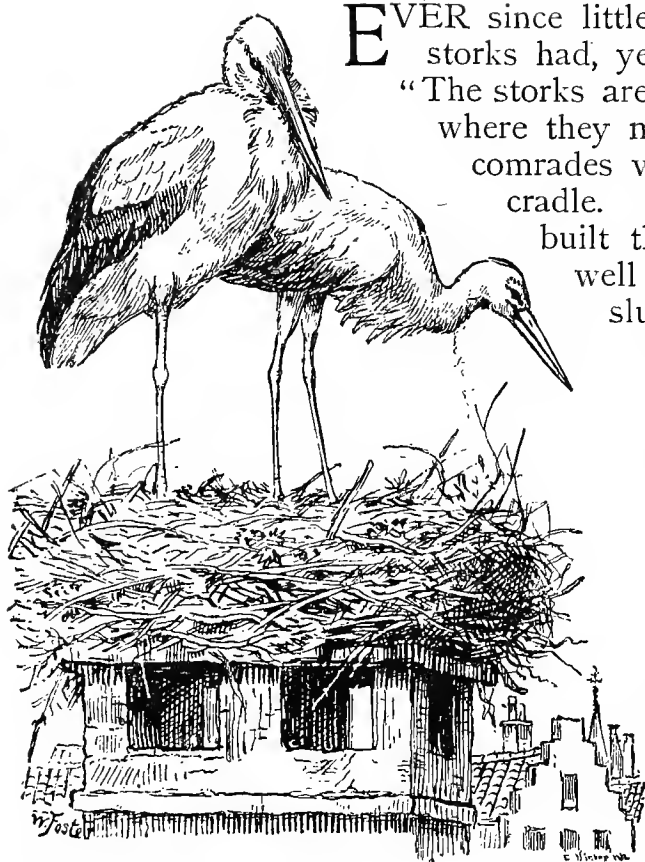
John Martin was very much pleased to see the seals, and he was still more pleased to see his father, for now he hoped he should have enough to eat, which he had not always had while his father had been away. But when he found his father was thinking of selling them he was very much disappointed, and begged so hard to keep one of the cubs that his father allowed him to do so.

The cub that had been kept was a bright cub; the old seal had always said he was brighter than his brother, though she had never said anything about it to Mr. Martin, when he did not know which cub he had better keep.

And as young Tom Martin was a patient, good-tempered boy, and did not expect to do everything in a minute with an animal, he succeeded so well with this little seal that he became an accomplished performer of tricks, and Tom got quite a handsome sum by exhibiting him, besides what he earned by training other seals.



ABOUT STORKS.



EVER since little Peter could remember, the same pair of great white storks had, year after year, made their nest on his Father's house. "The storks are lucky birds. They bring good fortune to the house where they make their nests," his Mother said, and Peter and his comrades would as soon have thought of molesting a baby in a cradle. So the storks had a happy time. In the Spring they built their nests—rough, rude piles of straw and hay, but well warmed by the hot flue below. They fished in the sluggish waters of the canal. Then they flapped slowly up to the chimney top again, and fed their young ones.

Peter and his little friend fished in the canal, too, but less successfully than the storks. But, one evening, they actually caught a fish; and they laid it lovingly on the bank and tried again. Then the stork flapped down from the roof, and carried off Peter's catch, when his back was turned.

Too late the little boy saw what had happened. In a fit of temper he flung his rod at the bird. It hit him smartly. The stork staggered in his flight, but recovered himself, and sailed back to his nest.

Peter was ashamed and went in to supper, telling no one. He found his Father reading a letter, and his Mother crying. "Peter," she said, "this is our last night with Father for a very long while. He has been ordered to rejoin his ship, and sail for Egypt and the Red Sea. The Red Sea is very hot and unhealthy."

Next morning Father sailed away, and when Peter looked up at the house-top the nest was deserted and the storks had gone too.

"The luck has left the house," said Mother, weeping.

Weeks later, a sailor sat on the deck of his ship, in the Suez Canal, and watched, in the sandy desert around, two great white storks fishing in a brackish pool. "Dear storks," he thought, "you remind me of my Holland home. You are free to return as soon as the sunny days set in again. Take a message to my little Peter for me, and tell him I long to see him again."

The long northern Winter passed, and one morning, as Peter was spinning his top, he happened to look up, and there stood two storks.

"Dear storks! You have returned!" shouted Peter, "You have forgiven me!" Then Peter began to wonder if the two white birds had seen his Father in their travels, so he called out to them and asked them, and the storks nodded their heads as if to say "Yes."

"Oh, if you could only talk," cried Peter, "you might tell me when he is coming home again!"

Just then his Mother returned from the village, with a letter in her hand. "Peter," she cried, "here is a letter from your Father. He will be home in a week."

"It is the storks have brought the news, Mother!" he cried. "They have come back once more."



